

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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London
May 12, 1943



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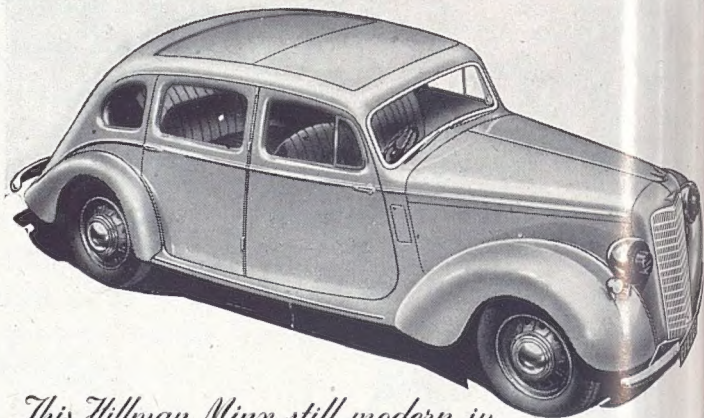
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The Countess of Denbigh and her Daughter

The Earl of Denbigh married in 1940 the widow of Lt.-Colonel Paget Fielding Johnson and their small daughter, Imelda Clare, was born in 1941. Lady Denbigh was formerly Miss Verena Barbara Price, daughter of Mr. W. E. Price. Lord Denbigh, who succeeded his grandfather as tenth Earl in 1939, is in the Coldstream Guards. His father, the Hon. Francis Feilding, died in 1936, and his uncles, Lt.-Commander the Hon. Hugh Feilding, R.N., and Capt. the Hon. Henry Feilding, both lost their lives during the last war.



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Offensive

WE are about to enter a new phase in the war. One which must bring us to closer grips with the enemy, and ultimately nearer to complete victory. Already the Germans are trying to dodge the blow. They have had a series of invasion alarms on the Continent which have proved false. Troops have been suddenly rushed from one place to another, and coastal guns have been fired. All of which shows the state of nerves the Germans have reached. It shows also that they have no more idea where this new blow will fall than I have. But they keep drawing attention to the large number of reserves in Tunisia and to the presence of British transports at Gibraltar. They are doing this in the hope that the Allied High Command may be trapped into some admission. Also to prepare the German people to face fresh dangers after the final collapse in Africa.

Praise

MARSHAL STALIN'S May Day message was the most confident he has ever issued. Obviously he knows what is going to happen next, otherwise he would hardly have committed himself to such optimism. Never before has he been so ardent in his praise of the Anglo-American war effort, nor has he linked this effort with that of Russia. Previously he has talked about Russia fighting the common enemy single handed. Now he says that the Allies have shaken Hitler's war machine to its foundations, changed the course of the war, and created the conditions necessary for victory. Allied successes in North Africa are given due credit for their share in bringing about this change, but clearly Marshal Stalin believes that it is the air attacks on Germany from this country which are the key to Hitler's problems

because they have devastated Germany's industrial centres. With commendable determination Marshal Stalin aligns Russia with the decisions reached at the Casablanca Conference, where it was decided that Germany's unconditional surrender was the single aim by which the war would be won.

Trapped

IF Hitler ever dreamed of a separate peace with one or other of the Allied nations, Marshal Stalin's statement must have killed that notion completely. There can be no political way out of Hitler's present difficulties. He must fight on or surrender. Obviously he will compel Germany to fight to the very end. This is implicit in the latest instructions issued to German troops in Africa. They are warned that if they surrender without due reason there will be immediate reprisals against their relatives, and punishment will await them when they return to Germany after the war. Thus Hitler recognises that he is trapped, and that there can be no turning back. Indeed, he may have ideas of a different character, for a gambler of Hitler's type often becomes a bold and daring man in face of adversity. It would never surprise me—as I have said before—if Hitler attempted an invasion of this country. It would, of course, be a suicide attempt. The object would be of a restricted military nature, mainly designed to cause confusion and to win propaganda advantage. For a full-scale invasion it would seem that Hitler does not possess the necessary air power, and certainly not adequate sea transport. But there is still a mystery about Germany's air resources which compels us to be cautious. In his extremity Hitler may wish to risk all, and it would be wrong to assume that he has not got bombers and transport aeroplanes as well as fighter

protection in large numbers. Whether he would be allowed to risk a large proportion of these in a token attack in the west, while the Allied forces are massed to pounce on Italy, and eventually Germany, remains to be seen.

Invalid

FIELD MARSHAL ROMMEL is now stated to be suffering from a duodenal ulcer which first began to afflict him after the rout of his forces at El Alamein. In spite of his illness he continued in command until the battle began in Tunisia. At this point Rommel had to be relieved of his command and is now said to be resting somewhere in the Balkans.

Restive

ONE of the most reliable barometers by which to judge conditions in Germany is the attitude of Sweden. There is developing in that country a popular restiveness which the Government no longer attempts to control or to hide. German pressure is being resisted by the Swedish Government with greater confidence than at any other time, which shows that Nazi diplomacy has failed in yet another country. It would not surprise me if there are not sudden and startling developments in Swedish policy in the days ahead. In Sweden they have suffered as much as anybody else from the domineering methods of the Nazis, and there is no question that Swedes of all classes are longing to get their own back.

Friends

THERE is little doubt that Sweden's position is closely controlled by Finland's. I am told by those who know that if Finland were able to come to terms with Russia Sweden would not be long before she was actively involved in the war on the side of the Allies. Recently the Swedish people have shown their anxiety to help Finland out of her dilemma. It is more than interesting, therefore, that Mr. Gripenberg, who was formerly Finnish Minister in London before he was transferred to the Vatican, has now been posted to Stockholm. Mr. Gripenberg is a close friend of Dr. Henrik Ramsay, Finland's new Foreign Minister. Dr. Ramsay is a close collaborator of Marshal Mannerheim. All three have in the past demonstrated strong pro-British views. Marshal Mannerheim is not as popular in this country



Guests at an Oxford Wedding

Mr. Brendan Bracken, Minister of Information, General Sir Hastings Ismay, Chief of Staff to the Minister of Defence, and Lord Cherwell, were guests at the marriage of the Prime Minister's Private Secretary, Mr. J. M. Martin, to Miss Ross. Wedding picture on page 173



Middle East Pictures

Mr. W. J. Jordan, High Commissioner for New Zealand, was an interested spectator at the Middle East war pictures exhibition at the National Gallery. The show was opened by Mr. du Toit, Secretary of South Africa House, deputising for Colonel Deney's Reitz, the South African High Commissioner



Rear-Admiral L. W. Murray, R.C.N.

Recently appointed C-in-C. Canadian North-west Atlantic, under the new Atlantic convoy plan, Rear-Admiral Murray was previously Commanding Officer Atlantic Coast. His headquarters will remain at Halifax

Stalin's glowing tribute to the Allies was a good sign that he appreciates the necessity of dismissing any possibility of disunity. It was a message of confidence addressed not only to the people of Russia but also to emotionally-minded peoples in Britain and the United States. Marshal Stalin needs no lessons from Adolf Hitler in the arts of power politics.

Wisdom

THE Polish Government in London deserve some credit for the way they have maintained their dignity after the disclosures relating to the massacre of so many officers, scholars and professional men. This shows that they also accepted the guidance of the British Government. General Sikorski was undoubtedly in a very difficult position when the Germans suddenly burst the news of this murder. Poles in all parts of the world had relatives in the territory where the deed is alleged to have been committed. These Poles naturally assumed, on hearing the German version, that their relatives might be involved. It was necessary, therefore, for General Sikorski to speak and to show that the established Polish Government were cognisant of the natural anxiety of their people and were prepared to act on their behalf. If General Sikorski's Government had remained silent all their influence would have vanished. But having spoken—the appeal to the International Red Cross must be regarded as a tactical error—the Polish Government have rested on their record.

Planning

IT strikes me as more than significant that both the British and the United States Governments now appear to be placing more and more emphasis on plans for after the war. President Roosevelt has planned several committees for dealing with international problems which must arise, as if he expected that they might be needed at any moment. The same idea appears to prevail in Whitehall where the latest indication is the plan for continuing the education of Service men, interrupted by the war. The scheme, which is being worked out by Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Minister of Labour, and Mr. R. A. Butler, the Minister of Education, provides educational facilities and professional training for at least 60,000.



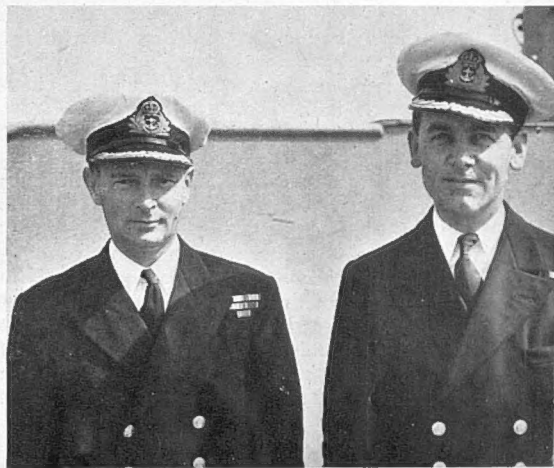
Future Wrens Inspected

Chief Officer M. M. Mocatta, W.R.N.S., inspected members of the Girls' Naval Training Corps, at their company's headquarters at Kenton. She afterwards presented them with their badges and stripes

as he was, but he is a remarkable person. At the moment he is in Switzerland taking a cure. At first it was imagined that he had retired from his official position, but this has been denied by the Finnish Government. The Germans have shown their attitude to the aged marshal by criticising him for not finding a better cure in Germany. Strangely enough the Germans say Marshal Mannerheim ought to have gone to Berchtesgaden to regain his health. But he's too wise.

Negotiation

THE unfortunate dispute between the Polish Government in London and Soviet Russia has, at least, been taken out of the realm of public controversy. The publicity on each side was reaching a stage of political polemics which spelled danger. So the British Government used their influence to call a halt to this form of argument. Instead the British Government suggested a calm consideration of all the facts as they affect the future of these two countries in the hope that negotiations might provide a satisfactory solution. Marshal



Officers of H.M.S. Rodney

Above are Captain J. W. Rivett-Carnac, D.S.C., R.N., and Commander R. G. Mackay, R.N., Captain and Commander of the battleship Rodney. Captain Rivett-Carnac, brother of Sir Henry Rivett-Carnac, Bt., served in the last war



A Gallant U.S. Pilot

From Texas comes Colonel L. B. Hillsinger, of the U.S. Army Air Corps, once a famous athlete. He lost a leg while serving as an anti-aircraft gun observer at Dieppe, but is now flying again in bombers and fighters



Land and Air Chiefs Confer in the Desert

When General Eisenhower (right) visited General Sir Bernard Montgomery at his headquarters he was photographed with Air Vice-Marshal Broadhurst and Brigadier F. W. de Guingand, C.B.E., D.S.O. General Eisenhower was appointed C-in-C. the North African Theatre of Operations last February, with General Sir Harold Alexander as his deputy

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

The War And Hollywood

By James Agate

LET US not be mealy-mouthed about it—the war has been a godsend to Hollywood. The Thin Man couldn't go on being thin for ever. Good Little Wives couldn't in the nature of things rescue many more Big Husbands from Vampire's Clutches. And the Gangster was more or less washed up. Then the war broke out and in every Hollywood studio the boss sat back and rubbed his hands, realising that he had discovered the new angle which makes the oldest film fresh. What if his rivals had hit on the same idea? Have there not always been flies in ointments, and presumably will there not always be? The world is not perfect. And anyhow the boss would not have to bother about a new plot till the nonsense in Europe was over.

And then came the second piece of unbelievable good luck—the nonsense spread to America! The news of Pearl Harbour may have brought joy to Tokyo, Berlin and Rome; taking a realistic view I imagine that Hollywood, while horror-stricken on the patriotic side, must have been thrilled to the marrow by the business possibilities. Art knows no frontiers, and film directors have notoriously no scruples outside those of finance. In other words not to have welcomed the war must have meant not being human. And the humanity of your film magnate is not, I think, to be questioned.

So far as I can see, there has never been more than one gangster plot. This is the one in which the gangster reforms after shooting down everybody who bars his path to reform. Or is himself shot down in the process of reforming. Or, perhaps, it being too late to reform, he goes to the chair to save somebody else. But always with reformation in his heart. And now the pretexts and causes and occasions of and for Bad Boy Turning Good were beginning to wear a bit thin. All that about the Old Mother, the Girl who Kept On Handing the gangster Over to the Police because it was For His Good, the Crippled Boy with the Sweet Voice, the Other Gangster ready to slit any Guy from China to Crutch but who wouldn't Kick a Lame Dog. Also the Blind Man who asks the gangster to Mind His Purse. The Girl who achieves Prodigies of Gumption in cases of Child Diptheria. The Flower Girl. The Old Church with Sunlight Streaming through that Stained Glass Window. The Manly Padre—provided of course your syndicate has signed up Spencer Tracy. All these familiar things were wearing thin. And then the war happened, and it became possible, feasible and even imperative to give the old acamaracus the new twist.

A FIRST-CLASS example is *Lucky Jordan* (Plaza). Alan Ladd has been called up for the army but doesn't want to go. As a last resort his "mouthpiece" arranges for a drunken old hag who will pretend to be his mother and dependent on him. But even this doesn't avail, and Alan finds himself in the army plus a drunken parent on to whom he has somehow cottoned. Becoming possessed of the plans for America's new gun—or is it something to do with air defence?—odd how carefully American colonels are supposed to leave these things about in

brief cases on the seats of cars and rather more conspicuous than the bull's eye on a target—well, Alan discovers he can sell the plan to the Nazis for one hundred Grand. And then the Nazis are tactless enough to beat up the drunken old girl, whereupon Alan decides to sell the plans back to the army for a hundred and fifty dollars a month or whatever is the rate of pay over there. The film is all very slick and entertaining, Alan is as good as ever, and there is comfort in the thought that but for the war the picture would never have been seen.

IN the same programme I saw a film I liked much better. This was *Night Plane from Chung-King*. In this story of the war in China comes a moment in which there are some five suspects. (The plane by the way has made a forced descent on a spot near the Indian border and in a district infested by Japanese.) It is known that one of the suspects is a German agent, but which? The crook financier? The vaguely foreign countess? The Dutch clergyman? The French major with the Vichy passport? The nurse who is travelling with the mysterious old Chinese lady? Robert Preston has to decide which of the five or six is the German agent. To get back to safety he must choose either a raft on the hostile river or the local monastery which the Dutch clergyman feels sure is of friendly disposition. In the

end he chooses the monastery, which turns out to be a German stronghold having for commander-in-chief the Dutch clergyman! How the clergyman arranged for the plane to crash in the vicinity of his pet fortress is one of those things which the film doesn't explain. And the wise film-goer doesn't ask. I need hardly say that Robert Preston, immured in a Tibetan dungeon every loophole of which is guarded, has no difficulty whatever in escaping and bringing to safety all of his party we have got to like. I can only suppose that the German habit of leaving wire-cutters and jemmy within reach of prisoners belongs to the same aberrational order as that which makes American colonels lightly deposit vital plans nowhere in particular. Nevertheless I highly recommend this film as being blessedly free from any highbrow nonsense. And driving home two facts. That the Chinaman is a gentleman. And the Nazi isn't. Incidentally this film prompts me to ask why any Chinese super is always a better actor than any Hollywood principal? You don't think perhaps that the answer is . . .

ALL this has left me little space for the new Askey. Judging from the Howls and Yowls of laughter which greeted every word uttered by the little man in *Miss London Ltd.* (Leicester Square) this should provide food for mirth for some time to come. Personally my admiration for Arthur is considerably this side of idolatry, but I do confess that for sheer hard work and desire to please a not-too-critical public Arthur takes a lot of beating. After all, the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and Askey has an enormous following. We have our Askeyites everywhere, as we have our Trinderites and our Handleyites. If you are not a member of these fraternities you won't like this "musical." If you are, you will sing "8.50 Choo Choo Waterloo" in your bath, and "If You could only Cook" in bed.



"Lucky Jordan": Re-enter Alan Ladd, Crook-hero No. 1

The killer of "This Gun for Hire" racketeers again in "Lucky Jordan" (Plaza), dodging conscription, stealing tank plans, outwitting gangsters, but is reformed into a good patriot by Helen Walker (left). Mabel Paige plays the old beggar bribed to pose as his mother in a vain effort to keep him out of uniform

Crooks, Crystals and Comics

A Quartet of Current Films, with War Backgrounds to Three of Them



"The Crystal Ball": One Fortune-teller and Another

Ray Milland and Paulette Goddard are together in this picture at the Empire. Paulette as understudy to Madame Zenobia (Gladys George), a doubtful fortune-teller, Ray as a lawyer pursued by a merry widow (Virginia Field). Prophetic spirit messages—tomorrow night you will dine with a red-head eating an apple—a land deal involving awkward consequences, two motor smashes correctly foretold, and many complications. Above, two visits to the fortune-teller. In the first the red-head is down to her last thirty cents; in the next Madame Zenobia is not forthcoming



"Night Plane from Chung-King"

Shooting, suspense, romance in a Buddhist monastery. Ellen Drew and Robert Preston in a lively story of an ill-assorted bunch of travellers whose plane crashes in the Japanese-infested jungle. One of them is an arch-spy—but which?



"Miss London, Ltd."

Jack Train, Arthur Askey and Evelyn Dall in the latest Askey musical. As escort providers for troops on leave the firm has its ups and downs, and, of course, its songs and dances. In the end Arthur is marched off to join the Navy

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

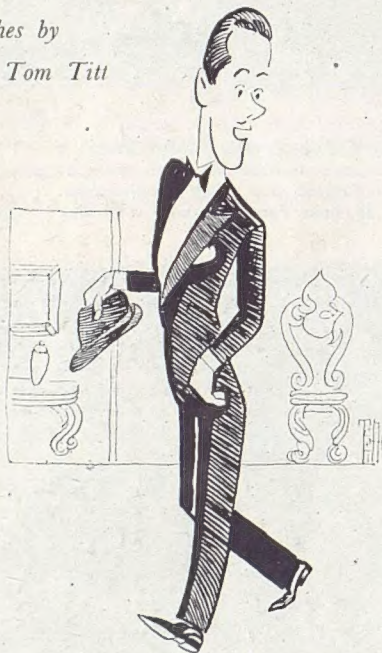
Present Laughter (Haymarket)

WHAT future generations will make of our plays and other theatre proceedings remains to be seen. Still, I venture to forecast that, with this delightfully ridiculous comedy (possibly the wittiest since *The Importance of Being Earnest*), Mr. Noel Coward will have made a notable advance in the opinion of posterity. He should figure in that select company, led by Molière, of good dramatists who have been equally good actors. Shakespeare hardly counts; for we know little or nothing of his quality as an actor beyond the legend of his success as the Ghost in *Hamlet*; and Garrick's prologues, adaptations, and other literary work would hardly be memorable but for his acting genius.

Mr. Coward not only maintains a nice æsthetic balance between his writing and acting, but is a man of the theatre whose talents seem to cover all its departments. He shines as author, actor, and producer; and,

Sketches by

Tom Titt



"Good night, sir—be good!" Billy Thatcher as Fred, ex-liner steward, the famous actor's irrepressible cockney valet

if necessary, he can even supply a serviceable musical score. Such versatility is as rare as remarkable. Moreover, he is not merely a good actor himself, but the cause of good acting in others. As author he knows what he wants; as actor he knows how to get it; and as producer he sees that he gets it. He has given occasion for much laughter in the past; the present occasion is as provocative of laughter as any.

His latest comedy is light in texture, inexhaustibly witty, and as artfully resourceful as a wagon-load of monkeys. The wit is barbed and ebullient, and somehow more mature than that of earlier essays. The plot, such as it is, might be described as a fantasia on fame; the fame that grows only on mortal soil and, like a seductive but ruthless mistress, becomes more trouble than it is worth, but cannot be done without.

Garry Essendine, a popular actor of matinée-

idol status, is beset by admirers whose attentions exasperate, but to which he has become incurably addicted. He is the autograph-collector's natural prey, the lion hunter's consenting quarry. Women adore him, both those who should and do, and those who don't, know better; and he, without reciprocating, needs and excites their devotion. It provides him with fun and games. His line is charm, exploited on the stage and off. He has a flair for making the best and the worst of both worlds. Much of his best acting, indeed, is done in the home, to his nearest and dearest, and some of the subtlest in rare solitude. As Dr. Johnson said of his friend, Garrick: "So many bellows have blown the fire, that one wonders he is not by this time become a cinder."

This comedy, which is a brilliant, self-conducted tour of limelited territory, takes us into Garry's very public private life. It is written and acted *con amore*. The plot is deftly handled, and the chief characters are drawn with sparkling spite or affection, and with that selective realism that distinguishes true comedy. Situations blow up and burst with the iridescent variety of bubbles. Their succession is continuous. Such emotional storms as brew are of tea-cup dimensions; mimic passions are assumed and weathered with midsummer lightness. Queer importunate strangers invade the very hearth; the tears of sentimental innocents are encouraged to flow; the hearts that affect to be broken are not even bruised, and the strains given forth by their plucked strings have merely a humming-bird timbre. No butterflies are broken on this wheel. Such comedy is only wit-deep, but its surface dazzles.

The company Mr. Coward leads put the precepts of the play into practice. They play into his and each other's hands like Wimbledon stars, and our response is a sustained

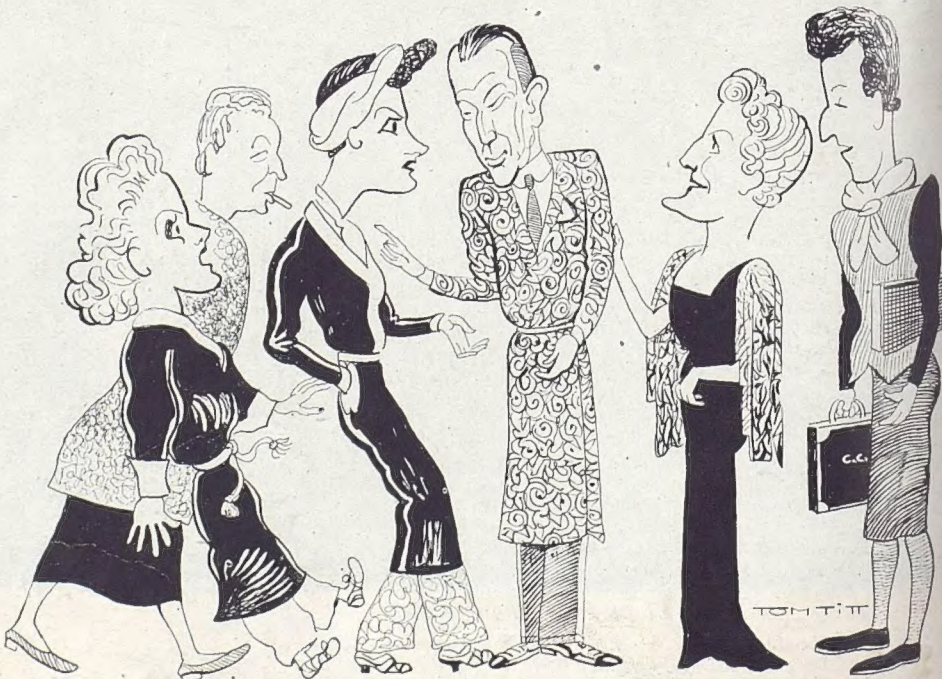


A palpable hit. James Donald as the weird young intruder struggling with psycho-analysis hero-worship and other oddities

chuckle punctuated by salvos of laughter. Some of the loudest laughter is evoked by Mr. James Donald's galvanic writhings as a husky, egregious young highbrow who laces hero-worship with the darker dogmas of Freud; some of the most appreciative chuckles by Miss Beryl Measor's cool irony as Garry's protective secretary who, knowing all, forgives all.

On the whole, the women characters are the better men. Miss Joyce Carey, as Garry's long-suffering wife; Miss Judy Campbell, as an orchidaceous, predatory vamp, and the spook-struck housekeeper of Miss Molly Johnson, are three delightful studies in female versatility. Mr. Billy Thatcher is the perfect factotum for such a menage, into which Miss Jennifer Gray's schoolgirl fan so intrepidly blunders, only to find that boat-burning there is a one-sided sport.

But the sun and centre of this stellar system is Mr. Coward's own many-sided performance, which his clever colleagues enhance. Thus illumined, the Haymarket stage, so long the sanctum of stylish comedy, comes into its own again, and Thalia is justified of her votaries.



The Swedish cook, chain-smoker (Molly Johnson), a young visitor, infatuated (Jennifer Gray), the chief huntress (Judy Campbell), the dilettante actor (Noel Coward), his indulgent wife (Joyce Carey), and the cool secretary (Beryl Measor)

Off the Stage

Pictures of Three Talented People



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Ellen Pollock, Actress, Artist and Mother of Michael

Miss Ellen Pollock, at present co-starring with Gene Gerrard and Gus McNaughton in "Sleeping Out" at the Piccadilly Theatre, is in private life Mrs. Hancock, wife of Lt.-Col. L. F. Hancock, R.E. One of Mr. Bernard Shaw's favourite actresses, Ellen Pollock has sat for several portraits by James Proudfoot and other painters. An artist herself, she has held a London exhibition of her own landscapes and flower pictures.

Right: Charming, dark-haired Irish wife of film producer Laurence Evans, Barbara Waring is one of the seven "leading ladies" in the A.T.S. film "The Gentle Sex," and is now playing in "The Old Foolishness" at the Arts Theatre. Since training at the R.A.D.A., she has been a member of the Coventry Repertory Company, sung in cabaret, played in many stage productions, and her film appearances include "In Which We Serve," "They Flew Alone" and "Looking for Trouble." Her son is Adrian, and her home is at Iwer, Buckinghamshire.



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Betty Warren, Actress, B.B.C. Compère and Boat Builder

Miss Betty Warren, who recently played in "Waltz Without End" at the Lyric, spends her week-ends building boats for the Admiralty. Always a lover of the sea, and owner of a Dutch barge which took part in the evacuation of Dunkirk, she herself evolved the idea of building lifeboats for the Royal and Merchant Navies. The business, started in an Amesbury garage and later transferred nearer the coast, is now executing orders from the Admiralty at the rate of several boats a week. Betty Warren also compères "Anzac Hour," a B.B.C. weekly broadcast to Australians in the Middle East.



Barbara Waring, Stage and Screen Actress, with Her Son

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country



At the Royal Academy

Lady Gregory went in uniform with her husband, Sir Holman Gregory, K.C., to the Royal Academy private view. Sir Holman was a former M.P. for South Derbyshire



Artist and Model

Dame Laura Knight came to the private view with Miss Ruby Loftus, the girl munition worker who was the subject of Dame Laura's picture in this year's Academy

New Premier

SIR BASIL BROOKE, the new Premier of Northern Ireland, is a well-known figure in London as well as in Belfast, and he has many friends in both places. A member of the famous Brooke family founded by another Sir Basil, Governor of Donegal in the days of Good Queen Bess, he is a nephew of Gen. Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and a cousin of yet another Sir Basil Brooke, Treasurer of Her Majesty's Household, former Comptroller to the King and Queen when they were Duke and Duchess of York, a lifelong friend of Their Majesties, and, at present, Admiral of the River Patrol of the Home Guard on the Upper Reaches of the Thames.

The new Premier has been in Ulster politics for the past twenty years, sitting in both the Senate and the House of Commons. His country seat, Colebrooke Park, in Co. Fermanagh, has been the scene of much hospitality, and many famous people, including, before the war, several members of the Royal Family, have stayed there as the guests of Sir Basil. Recently, Sir Basil's most frequent guests have been members of the American Forces now stationed in Ireland.

Cup Final

THE presence of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester at the Wembley Cup Final, when Arsenal won the wartime trophy after an exciting game, added a filip to the match, for it was the first appearance of Royalty at a sporting event of importance this year, and it is likely to be one of very few such appearances, for wartime activities and interests occupy the days of all members of the Royal Family just now, and there is little time for sports festivals. Even the Princess Royal, who shares with her husband, Lord Harewood, the distinction of being Royal racing enthusiast No. 1, has not been seen on any course so far this season, not because she is any less keen on "the flat" than she was, but because the claims of her A.T.S. work come first. With the dropping of Tipstaff, the sole Royal entry for the Derby, there is little chance of Their Majesties attending the Newmarket classic this year, though they did spend some hours inspecting the Royal stables there a few days ago when they were in the neighbourhood.

At Newmarket

ACCOMPANIED by his racing manager, Capt. Charles Moore, and his trainer, Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, the King was out on the famous Limekilns early one morning, and watched his One Thousand Guineas and Oaks candidate, Open Warfare, do a stripped gallop with Longriggan. He also watched his two-year-olds, Putting Green, Fair Glint and Crimson Lake, go five furlongs sharply. Since the days of Henry II., when the first race meetings were held in England, members of our Royal Family have been lovers of racing, and in these days of anxiety and change, the sense of background and tradition given by the King's interest in his racehorses is a national asset and a great encouragement to the racing world, which is struggling along under great difficulties to keep the industry alive for those who are now away serving.

As Duke of York, His Majesty enjoyed many good days with the Pytchley, and was at the finish of some of the best and longest runs over that very stiff country in the days when Frank Freeman—still regarded as one of the world's best huntsmen, if not the best—was hunting the hounds.

Chiddingfold Gymkhana

MEMBERS of the Leonfield Hunt are to be congratulated on the very excellent gymkhana organised by them and held at Chiddingfold recently. The Red Cross and St. John War Organisation and the "Aid to Russia" funds must have benefited very considerably, for there was a big crowd both of competitors and spectators, and it was good to see that so many children are growing up to enjoy riding, in spite of the difficulties of war and labour. The standard of riding amongst the children was amazingly high, and over twenty of them entered for the "best kept and turned out pony" class. In this class, the pony had to be entirely looked after by the child exhibiting it. One of the successful competitors was Verena Kimmins; she is the only daughter of Cdr. Anthony Kimmins, the author of that highly successful pre-war play *While Parents Sleep*, and now known all over the world for his wonderful broadcasts on naval actions, in so many of which he has participated. Another child competitor was Bridget, the

(Continued on page 170)



Capt. Timothy Tufnell and Lady Petre were at the first night of "This Happy Breed," one of the two Noel Coward plays now playing alternative nights at the Haymarket Theatre



The Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett (Zena Dare) and her daughter, Mrs. Kenneth Thornton, came together to "Present Laughter," the first and more sophisticated of Noel Coward's two new plays



Lord Brabazon of Tara, former Minister of Aircraft Production, Miss H. M. Tennant and Mrs. R. Child were at the first performance of J. B. Priestley's "They Came to a City" at the Globe

Some People Who Attended Three Notable First Nights in London

Swabe



Above is Mrs. William Carr, mother of the bride, with her daughter, Annabella, who was a bridesmaid to her half-sister



Included in this picture are Mrs. Ronald Aird and her sister, Mrs. Peter Thursby, and (right) Viscountess Cranley

Photographs by Swaebe



Colonel Howard Kerr, the bridegroom's cousin, walked from the church with his wife and son. Another son, Andrew, was a page at the wedding



Lady Bedingfeld and Mr. William Bell were at the reception, held at the Hon. Mrs. R. C. Bruce's house in Cadogan Square



Lord and Lady Lothian were photographed after their wedding on April 29th, he in the uniform of the Scots Guards, and she in classic white satin. The bride is the daughter of Major-General Sir Foster Newland, and of Mrs. William Carr, of Ditchingham Hall, Norfolk. The ceremony was at Brompton Oratory, and Brigadier William Carr give his stepdaughter away

The Marquess of Lothian and Miss Antonella Newland

Are Married in London



Captain and Mrs. Michael Angus, who were married in November, were there. She was formerly Miss Christian Grant



Mr. Churchill's Daughter-in-Law

Mrs. Randolph Churchill, seen at her desk, took an active part in organising the May Day Eve Ball, held in London, in aid of the Comforts Fund for English-Speaking Prisoners of War



Guests at the Ball

Miss Gillian Wharton and Major H. B. O'Sullivan were two of the many people who attended the May Day Eve Ball, held in a very deserving cause

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

younger daughter of the Hon. John and the Hon. Mrs. Mulholland, who have a house in Chiddingfold. Her elder sister, Mary, is now a very pretty girl of nineteen, and was competing in the older classes. They are the nieces of Viscount Harcourt.

Competitors and Spectators

MRS. OWEN ROBERTS brought her small daughter and her sister, Mrs. Peter Williams, from her near-by home for the afternoon. Mrs. Williams was wearing an exact replica of the black mechanised-cavalry beret (leather headband and all) with a diamond Life Guards badge in it—a difficult headgear for anyone, but Mrs. Williams carried it off splendidly and looked as lovely as usual in it. (Mrs. Roberts will be remembered by many of our readers as Pat Charles. In the past, her sketches have frequently appeared in the "Bystander.") Mrs. Aubrey Raphael drove on to the showground in a very smart turn-out—shining black trap with yellow wheels and a good-looking grey pony. Mrs. Raphael, who was wearing a yellow turban to complete the picture, later won first prize in the open driving class. The second prize in this class was won by a very nice-looking pony and trap with a smart Wren officer in uniform sitting beside the driver—the first time I've seen a Wren competing in a horse-show ring. Another lady driver was Mrs. Carlos Clarke, who arrived driving a very smart pair of chestnuts, with several young guests as passengers. Many of the spectators had driven over, and in place of cars in the enclosure there were traps of every size, shape and description.

Salisbury Racing

THE meeting held at Salisbury was an instructive outing, bringing three new factors into the classic puzzle by the excellent performances of Deimos, Kingsway and Shining Light. Mr. Joel's good mare, who was only beaten by a head by the Manton colt and must therefore be regarded as a worthy adversary of Lady Sybil and Ribbon. Lord and Lady Sefton were delighted with Deimos's convincing display. He was their first winner of the season. Mr. Joel seems to have another good filly in Dark Diana, who is by Bahram, and easily won the race in which Lord Porchester's first racehorse, The Solicitor, finished third. Lord Carnarvon brought his daughter—who has just returned from America and looked very attractive and cheerful—to see him run, and

no doubt to report on his performance to Lord Porchester, whose military duties prevented him from attending.

The Duchess of Norfolk and her sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Strutt, came together, and both wore gay red suits. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gordon were watching the racing together, for once unattended by any of their large family. Two well-known Irish race-goers present were Miss Grania Kennedy and Lady Lambart. The latter is a sister of Lord Brabazon, and their family place in Ireland was Tara Hall, whose fame has been sung in verse and song through the ages as the home of the ancient kings of Ireland. It is now, sadly, sold and demolished. Others present were Lady Essex, who was looking hard for winners; Capt. and Mrs. John Bailward (she was Miss Aline Forester and during the last war whipped-in to the Quorn, of which pack her father, Capt. Frank Forester, was Master), Miss Ursula and Miss Molly Wyndham-Quin, and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Watts, who escaped from France just before the collapse. Mr. Watts trained M. Boussac's horses at Chantilly, and it is pleasant to see him having some luck for his new owner, Mr. Joel, as he had to make an entirely fresh start in this country. Charlie Elliott, who had a similar experience and is now a soldier, rides for the stable, and so shares in its good fortune.

Uniformed and Mufti-ed Work

THE majority of our active uniformed girls are at work away from London, but a few seen about lately include Miss Eileen Hennessy in khaki, pretty Mrs. Baxendale—formerly Miss Althea Spicer—in the dark-blue and red Red Cross uniform, and Mrs. L. P. Kirwan, who is now a postwoman, in dark blue, red-piped serge, in which she alternately drives a Post Office van and does a walking round. Some days her work involves getting up at 3.45 a.m. (for sorting newly arrived letters before beginning the round), which really counts more as late evening than early morning work, or would have done in less serious days.

Factory and canteen work is distinguished by no uniform. Mrs. Simon Bonham-Carter is among the many doing the former; and conscientious veterans of the latter include Lady Renwick, the Hon. Mrs. F. E. Smith, Mrs. Bottomley, the conspicuously active mother of a charming daughter, Miss Diana Bottomley; Mrs. Howden, who catches early trains to spend long hours on her feet, combining the duties of waitress and dish-washer; Mrs. Swords, and so on for column-long lists. A very charming and very busy person is Mrs. John Bigelow Dodge, who needs no uniform for the excellent work she is doing in the interests of her American countrymen over here from her office at the English Speaking Union.

(Concluded on page 184)



Lord and Lady Aberdare were at one of the tables, and with them in this picture is Lt. John Whitaker



Lady Pipon, Lt. Denis Lloyd and Miss M. Blakely were also there



Viscountess Cowdray sat beside Lt. T. Hayley

At the May Day Eve Ball, in Aid of English-Speaking Prisoners of War



The Duke of Kent and his sister, Princess Alexandra, were two interested lookers-on at the gymkhana, held at Ascot racecourse



Miss C. Minoprio, one of the young competitors, handled her white pony in a wartime utility vehicle with great efficiency as she drove round the ring

Watching and Competing

At Windsor's "Wings For Victory" Horse Show and Gymkhana



Princess Alexandra was introduced to the pony by Capt. Houston-Boswall, while the Duke of Kent looked after the daughters of Count Raczyński, the Polish Ambassador



Discussing the events in the ring were Frances Lady Daresbury and Mr. B. Murless with Lt.-Col. Sir Archibald Weigall, who lives at Englemere, Ascot



Lady Priscilla Aird rode her horse, Careless Boy. She is the Earl of Ancaster's daughter, and the wife of Lt.-Col. Sir John Renton Aird

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

MASTER SEBASTIAN CABOT (whose descendants in Boston, Mass., speak only to Lowells and God) got his due share of recognition at the recent Anglo-American ceremonies at Bristol, and so did Master William Penn, another eminent Bristol man. With great tact and delicacy the most important link between Bristol and the New World wasn't mentioned at all. We refer with a discreet cough to Massa Sambo, out of whom the pious citizens of Bristol made such a packet for three centuries.

Poor Massa Sambo doesn't figure much in Bristol's social history, any more than a hogshead of tobacco or a puncheon of rum, two other staple local commodities of the period. Only once, so far as we know, did he ever become a real social figure, and it was in London. On the corner of Crown Court, Whitehall, vanished long since, there was a grocer's shop kept by Ignatius Sancho, who was born in a British slave-ship in the 1720's and taken for a servant by Lord Montague. After Montague's death Sancho blossomed out as a grocer, poet, and music and art critic, and was patronised by polite and literary society, including Burke, Gibbon and Sterne. His jolly black face was painted by Gainsborough at Bath, and the canvas is still in existence. They ought to hang it in Bristol Art Gallery as representing the Spirit of Forty Per Cent., or whatever the contemporary trade rake-off was on black cargoes in bulk.

It may be pretty awful of us to mention these things, but what would you? It's just our wayward old gipsy blood-pressure again, or something.

Twinklitoes

AN elderly lady charged at a recent London police court with taking gliding steps on the pavement and bowing sweetly at intervals to passers-by was said by the police to be drunk. You wouldn't expect a policeman to know she was soberly performing the graceful old Court figure known as the *basse danse de Bourgogne* (three single glissades, five double; three single, right, three return; one curtsey; repeat *da capo*).

All she needed was musical accompaniment on the lute, rebeck, cithole, rote, ribble, and klokard, and if we were the Society of Teachers of Dancing, or whatever that body is called which used to keep trying to foist new dances on the public, which took no notice whatsoever, we'd register a haughty protest. Hers was a better dance anyway than the kind you see performed on modern dance-floors by glassy-eyed

automatons dead from the waist up. Our own favourite dance, the *farruca* of the gypsies of Andalusia, demands perhaps more rhythmic fire or "devil" than the Burgundian one. Our performance of it has been said by competent critics to make Massine's celebrated rendering of the Miller's Dance in *The Three-Cornered Hat* look like a Heathfield prefect playing hop-scotch, attended by her personal maid. Maybe if a policeman were present he'd say we were drunk, too. *A bas les flics! Mort aux vaches!*

Doom

CHARMED by that little song we sang to you the other week about the British stationmaster and his long-lost love, a reader commends us (for a change) for not delving into the more sombre post-marital aspects of stationmasters' love, as set forth in the famous French Army song about the Chef de Gare.

As you may know, the essence of this song, which begins "*Il est cocu, le Chef de Gare*," and has a sardonic refrain of "*Ohé!*"



Memorabilia.

"One day, when I've a few minutes to spare, I'll tell you how I came to get into the publicity business"

"Ohé!", has been put very delicately into an English ballade by Hugh Mackintosh, with the refrain:

Prince, can you hear the soldiery
Singing of that obscure disaster—
(Zenith of Gallic pleantry!)

"He has been duped—the Station-Master"?

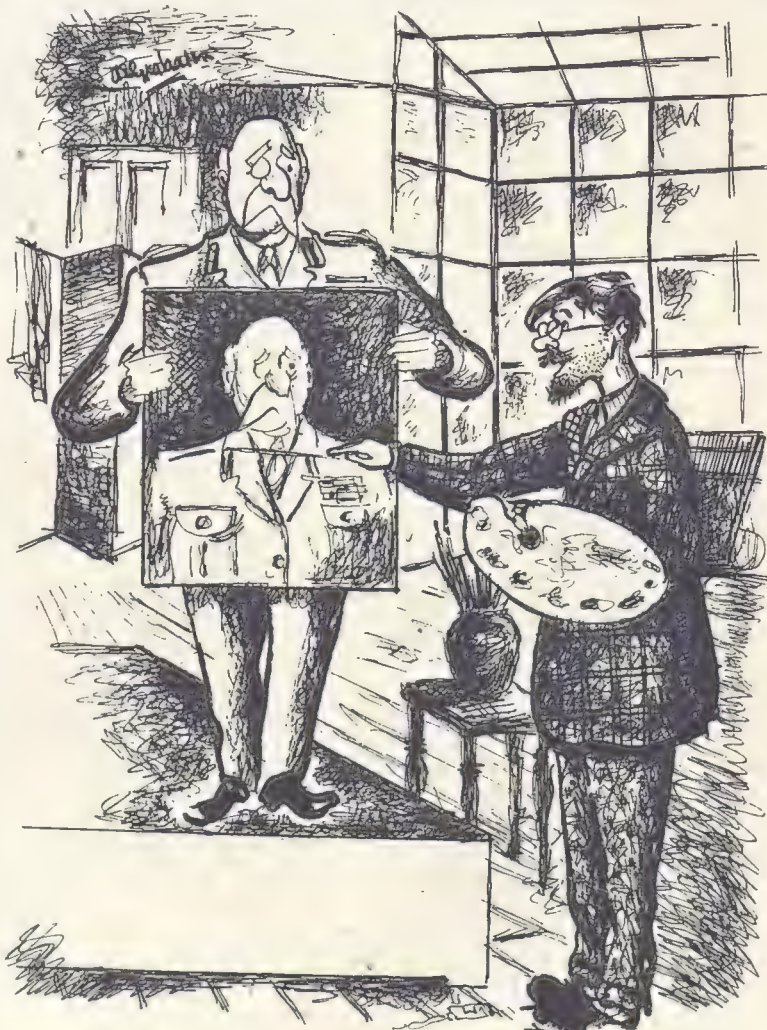
Some time in the 1930's the *Fraternelle des Chefs de Gare Français*, or whatever the stationmasters' union is called, at length rebelled against having their marital infelicity sung to them by citizens poking their heads out of railway carriages on every public holiday, and a couple of these merry ones were hauled up before the beak at Asnières, outside Paris, and fined. For behind all that goldbraided pomp stationmasters are sensitive, and suffer like other human beings in this vale of tears.

Footnote

You will say that only French stationmasters are cuckolded anyway. Our information is that if their British colleagues suffer this fate (common to so many great men in history, from Caesar to Victor Hugo and maybe further), it is of a more respectable nature. As Professor Frederick Green of Toronto, *Officier d'Académie* and wit, said of the novels of Octave Feuillet: "The adulteries in them are so imperceptible as to be almost English."

Clash

DINING with Tolstoy one evening, Turgenev (a chap recalled the other day in a literary weekly) remarked to that aged chatterbox: "Be



"Sorry about this, but I dunno where I've put the darn thing . . ."

(Concluded on page 174)

Five Recent Weddings



Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Lamb

Mr. Anthony Melbourne Lamb and Miss Anne Rosemary Hilton Philipson were married at Christ Church, Down Street. The bride is the only daughter of Mrs. Hilton Philipson, of Limberlost, Ditchling, Sussex, who was formerly Mabel Russell, the actress and M.P. for Berwick-on-Tweed from 1923 to 1929

Second Sea Lord's Son Married in Ireland

Poole, Dublin

Lt.-Cdr. William Whitworth, D.S.C., R.N., and Miss Beryl Couper, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Couper, were married at St. Mathew's Church, Newtown Mount Kennedy, Co. Wicklow

Vice-Admiral Sir William Whitworth, K.C.B., D.S.O., the bridegroom's father, seen here with Lady Whitworth, became Second Sea Lord in 1941. He was formerly commanding a Battle Cruiser Squadron



Johnson, Oxford

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Martin

Mr. John Miller Martin, elder son of the late Rev. J. Martin and Mrs. Martin, of Edinburgh, married Miss Rosalind J. Ross, daughter of Sir David Ross, Provost of Oriel College and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, and Lady Ross, at St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford



A V.C.'s Wedding

Major E. C. T. Wilson, V.C., The East Surrey Regiment, son of the Rev. Charles and Mrs. Wilson, of Hunsdon, Herts., married Miss Ann Pleydell Bouverie, daughter of Major and Mrs. Humphrey Pleydell Bouverie, of Patto, Westward Ho!, Devon, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



Swaenbe

Married Quietly in London

F/O. Charles Pretzlik, R.A.F.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Pretzlik, of Loufield Park, Crawley, married Susan Pilkington, widow of Capt. M. L. Pilkington and daughter of the late Hon. Alec Henderson and Lady (Murrrough) Wilson. The page was Simon Pilkington

Standing By ...

(Continued)

silent, Tolstoy, or I will throw my fork at you." A typically Russian dinnertime situation, ending, we guess, in reciprocal tears and kisses.

Whether this was just before Tolstoy ran away from his wife at the age of 81 we can't say offhand. Quite recently a highbrow was trying to explain this flight in terms of Freud, which is absurd. In our unfortunate view it was the Urge for Romance. Slogger Tolstoy, just a big boy at heart, had probably been reading sea-stories and wanted to see the great world. Our information is that he got to Archangel and tried impetuously to sign on as cabin-boy. Asked his age by a kindly old sea-captain, he said sixteen. "In that case," said the kindly old captain, "I cannot but congratulate you, little white father, on that fine snowy beard. You must be a West End *jeune premier*." Whereupon Tolstoy burst into one of those mystico-sociological tirades and the kindly old captain said at length: "Little angry carraway-seed, little hairy sunflower, oblige me by getting the hell out of it," and the incident ended.

Throwing forks at vexing booksy boys is a sport we have never practised as yet, but once at the Café Royal we saw a dollop of cheese-soufflé dropped from the balcony with great care and excellent effect. In Paris this would have meant a duel. In London it meant a lot of ridiculous gestures and chattering from dishevelled literary girls

of all three sexes. However, it stopped a falsetto lecture on Determinism in Art, which was something.

Birdie

SHOWING up the rook, on whose stainless probity and rugged charm several of Auntie Times's bird-buddies have been descanting, a practical farmer remarked bitterly that the rook's habit is to look for wireworm after the corn has been sown, and never before.

Rooks have several other dark marks against them. They fly round like big business men with a following of yes-men, daws or starlings. In the mating-season they often try to sing, with hideous results. At their trade-union congresses they chatter and gabble with feverish noise, like a P.E.N. Club conversazione. And they inspired one of Barrie's earliest printed pieces in a London evening paper. He arrived at King's Cross (? St. Pancras) from Nottingham, grim, hot, and shy, one evening, in the 1880's to see his bit of whimsy-whamsy about rooks featured everywhere on St. James's Gazette placards, as was the quaint fashion of those golden days, and he knew that before long the Island Race would be giving in and eating out of his hand. Fancy a modern London evening paper wasting good placards on an essay about birdies!



"Edgar sent it as a hint of his whereabouts"

However, as the Chinese never insult their most delicate teas by exporting them for Western stomachs, it doesn't really matter. And if the natives drank tea *à la chinoise* in Australia and Ireland instead of the old stewed black liver-jerker, Rommel might be still threatening Egypt and the Irish might never have got rid of Dublin Castle.

It's different with vegetables, the essential salts and flavours of which the Island Race still chuck doggedly down the sink, a diet expert was telling us. He couldn't give any reason for this urge to waste nutrition. Maybe it's a fertility-rite, like cricket.

Squeak

TWICE in twentyfive years the Belgians have endured what we in these islands know nothing of (there's quite a lot we know nothing of, compared with other Europeans), and the Belgian Government have just recalled this repetition in a well-illustrated pamphlet called *Twice in a Lifetime*, 1914-1940. This time it is worse.

Louvain University conveys a graphic lesson. Blasted and gutted in World War I, it was restored, mainly with help from America, and a few years ago a Latin memorial tablet, recording briefly the work of Teutonic ferocity and American generosity, aroused such loud squeaks of indignation from the "Be-Kind-to-Germany" aunts of the English-speaking world that the Rector of Louvain too-politely removed it, unless we foully err. The University has now been blasted and gutted again and 90,000 books and 800 precious manuscripts destroyed. And we bet the same aunts will be raising the same squeaks ten years hence.

Echo

THIS Dunkirk story may be new to you (and if not, let it ride, we don't care). A gushing dowager said to an officer who had been through it: "Wasn't it simply awful?" "Yes," said the officer, "it rained like blazes."

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"With whose worldly goods is who endowed?"

Afterthought

YOU might say, therefore, that the rook (*Corvus frugilegus*) was ultimately responsible for *Dear Brutus* and all those dream-children the Race subsequently found tagging after it everywhere it went. Our own dream-child, as we discovered after turning and clumping its ear for sniffing and interrupting dictatorially, turned out to be James ("Boss") Agate, as we may have told you. Keep it under your hat for Heaven's sake.

Brew

WHAT with the Ministry of Food boys trying to teach the British housewife how to cook and the NAAFI boys teaching her the other day how to make a cup of tea, one might say the British housewife is enjoying a lifetime's opportunity, except that she takes no notice whatsoever.

If we were Chinese our inscrutable pan would be suffused with polite, silent laughter at the kind of tannin-soup the NAAFI boys call tea, and we'd be asking with exquisite courtesy and giving our fan an auspicious flick, why they say nothing about eating the wet leaves afterwards before painting oneself with woad.



Harlip

Working in a Factory : Lady Bridget Elliot

Lady Bridget Elliot, elder of the Earl and Countess of Minto's two daughters, is twenty-two years old, and has been working in an aircraft factory for the last two years. The Earl of Minto succeeded in 1914 as the fifth Earl on the death of his father, a former Governor-General of Canada, and Viceroy of India. The Countess of Minto is a daughter of Mr. G. W. Cook, of Montreal, and is a sister of the Countess of Haddington. Lady Bridget has two brothers, Viscount Melgund and the Hon. George Elliot, and a sister, her junior by three years.

"The Quest" (2)

Concluding the Pictorial Record of the New Sadler's Wells Ballet

● Last week, pictures of the first three scenes of *The Quest* were given. Here the story is completed of the Spenserian ballet, which is the first choreographic creation of Frederick Ashton since he was called up nearly two years ago. The scenario on which he worked was adapted from the First Book of *The Faerie Queene*, by Doris Langley-Moore, and Ashton has told its complicated story of disguise and deception, battle and temptation and renunciation, with remarkable lucidity; the action of the ballet is as rapid and dramatic as the dancing is varied, expressive and, especially in the final scene, beautiful. Emotionally, his choreography receives the maximum help from the music which William Walton has composed for the ballet, and which has all the drama, the rhythm and the haunting themes that ideal ballet music requires. For decor and dresses Ashton turned to an artist, John Piper, who had never worked for the theatre before, but whose paintings of bombed cathedrals and churches in the War Artists' Exhibition have made him known to a very wide public. *The Quest* was produced during the four-week season ending at Easter

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Scene 4. Near the Palace of Pride. Archimago, disguised as St. George, has led Una to a rocky place near the Palace. There they meet Sansloy, one of the three Saracen Knights; he, too, is deceived by Archimago's disguise, and attacks and kills him. Una, raising his vizor, discovers no Red Cross Knight but the face of Hypocrisy (Leslie Edwards, Margot Fonteyn)



Scene 5. St. George and Una come to the House of Holiness. After the Palace of Pride this scene is like calm after storm. Robert Helpmann and Margot Fonteyn in these roles have the difficult task of portraying, by the quality of their movements and their mime, the power and simplicity of goodness.



Scene 5. "Thrice happy man the knight himself did his Ladies hart and hand"—so wrote Spenser, and the reunion of St. George and Una, after their tribulation by Faith, Hope and Charity. But all too soon St. George aside and remind him that "upon a great adventure"

Scene
in the
St. George
and he
Lorna



Archimago is dead, mourned only by his Bats, and Una finds herself
er of Sansloy. She is struggling to escape from his love-making when
appears. In the last of the four fights in the ballet, St. George kills Sansloy,
Una are united once more, free of Archimago's evil power (Leslie Edwards,
ard, Pauline Chyden, Robert Helpmann, Alexis Rassine, Margot Fonteyn)



Scene 5: The House of Holiness. Guardians
of the House of Holiness are the three Virtues,
Faith, Hope and Charity, and their attendants.
Jean Bedells is Charity, Moyra Fraser is Hope,
Julia Farron (in front) is Faith. A lovely group



Possessed of
the ballet the
is blessed
Virtues lead
he was boni"



Scene 5. Bravely Una gives St. George his sword again and tenderly bids him farewell, while bells ring and
the Virtues speed him on his way. The Red Cross Knight sets out on his quest, "and Una left to mourn."
Although the cast of "The Quest" is an unusually long one, only in the third and last scenes has Ashton
used big groups of dancers. The straight lines and complicated groupings of the Palace of Pride are in
marked contrast to the serene and unhurried movements through which the ballet is carried by Walton's music to its ending

Viscount Cecil of Chelwood

A Brilliant and Learned Politician
at Home in Sussex



Chelwood Gate, standing in three acres of ground near Haywards Heath, is Lord Cecil's present home



At Work in the Study



Lord Cecil and His Wife, a Daughter of the Second Earl of Durham

Edgar Algernon Robert Cecil, P.C., K.C., son of the third Marquess of Salisbury, comes of a family famous for several generations in British public life. Since 1886, as private secretary to his father, then Prime Minister, he has taken a prominent part in British politics. Entering Parliament in 1906 as Conservative Member for East Marylebone, he later represented Hitchin Division of Herts, from 1911 to 1923, when he was created a Viscount. While occupying many important ministerial posts, he has always been Britain's most determined advocate of the League of Nations, and such were his efforts for peace (but not appeasement) that they won him the Nobel Peace Prize in 1937. Lord Cecil's eldest brother, the present Marquess of Salisbury, is President of the Conservative Party; another brother, Lord Quickwood, Provost of Eton, while his nephew, Viscount Cranborne, became Lord Privy Seal last November

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Naming Their Shots

THE ONE: Alexandria, Cairo (including Shepherd's Hotel and the Pyramids), Suez, the Organ-Grinder's Abyssinian Empire, Aden, Iran, Irak, India, Burma, Russia, China, Japan, the British Empire (not excluding Buckingham Palace), and then America.

THE OTHER: El Alamein, Tobruk, Benghazi, El Agheila, Tripoli, Mareth, Akarit, Gabès, Sousse, Enfidaville (all in the bag). To come: Tunis and Bizerta.

Libel by Innuendo

Is it libel by innuendo to suggest in writing I or "in other permanent form of matter," that A, being a human being, is like that extremely uncomely animal, the gnu, and would a plea of ignorance of anatomy, technical incompetence, or lack of artistic perception, be a good defence in law? I am credibly informed and believe that it would not, provided always that the author of the "other permanent form of matter" set himself up as one capable of giving an air of verisimilitude to his production of such matter. The same rule would, I presume, apply to a representation of B as a wart-hog, or C as a two-horned rhinoceros. After all, law is only common sense. If someone said to you: "Have you seen the gnu in the Academy?", and when you went there you discovered that the picture was labelled as a portrait of yourself, would you not at once instruct your competent legal advisers to issue a writ for defamation, based on the grounds of "odious, contempt or ridicule without any just cause or excuse"? Every year as the exhibition at Burlington House breaks upon us, we are reminded of the crying need for the inclusion of some orthopaedic surgeon of eminence, and also a plastic one, skilled in the art of face-lifting, on the Hanging Committee. Every year the feelings of the soft-hearted are lacerated by the numerous cases of dislocation, goitre, St. Vitus's dance and other kindred ills to which poor humanity is heir, which are so ruthlessly displayed to the public vision. We all look to the Brave New World, about which we hear so much, to remove this curable horror from our midst.

Open Warfare in Private

MORE horse talk! And, after all, isn't it better than following the lead of some misguided people and sending down some stuff to Göbbels, off which even a village-greenkeeper could score? Of course, the misshapen little creature has smacked it for six, and will go on doing so until they take the two present bowlers off: It is not cricket; and not even good baseball! However, let's leave that to the Jabberwocks and wonder what happened to Open Warfare in the stripped gallop she had on the 28th of last month with gallant old Longriggan, who, incidentally, had shortly before won a 1½-mile race at Newmarket. Captain Boyd-Rochfort, his Majesty's trainer, presumably would not have pulled the filly out at all unless he thought that he had something to show his royal patron. No one excepting those immediately concerned can know all the inside facts, the weights particularly, but I think that it may be useful to remind ourselves that Longriggan was the trying tackle Captain Boyd-Rochfort used to give him just that little bit of corroborative testimony shortly before Sun Castle won the Leger in 1941. If Lady Sybil did not so completely dominate the situation in the One Thousand and the Oaks, we might dare to think of something else. Lady Sybil was only beaten once as a two-year-old, and here is one clue for the Browned-Off to follow. It was at Newmarket in June last year that Cincture, getting 5 lb., beat her one and a half lengths over five furlongs. On a rough handicap this might mean that Cincture would have beaten Lady Sybil at level weights. Now for some more clues. In the Cheveley Stakes, in September last, Open Warfare ran third to Lady Sybil and Samovar, 8 st. 12 lb. all round, Cincture down the course. In the Rous Stakes, in August, Samovar was also second to Lady Sybil at level weights, beaten a length only. In July, at Newmarket, Samovar won the Queen Mary Stakes by two lengths from Shining Light, Cincture a length and a half away third, Open Warfare (first time out) down the course. Samovar and Cincture may be some kind of clues, but Longriggan is a much better one.



D. R. Stuart

Tennis Champion Marries

Mr. C. R. D. Tuckey, former British international lawn tennis player and Army singles champion, married Mrs. Muriel Rose Godfrey, daughter of Sir Arthur and Lady Abrahams, and widow of Lt.-Col. A. S. T. Godfrey, R.E.



D. R. Stuart

The Bridegroom's Family

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Tuckey, with their daughter Kathleen, were at their son's wedding, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy. Both well-known tennis players, they have several times in recent years won the Veterans' Doubles at Eastbourne

And now Open Warfare has run second, beaten a short head, to Lord Rosebery's good filly, Ribbon (gave 5 lb.), over 7 furlongs in the Upwell Stakes at Newmarket (May 4).

As to others, it is presumable that we can now forget Tipstaff and also Fortunate Trial, another ex-second favourite for the Guineas.

The Owner of St. Simon—and Carbine

OWING to the incidence of the Easter holidays and the interference which that entails with (particularly) an illustrated weekly paper, only the briefest last-minute reference to the death of the Duke of Portland on April 26th was possible. His Grace's brilliant career on the turf is, I think, the least important incident in a career which ended full of years, but fuller still of honour. The late Duke of Portland will be better remembered for his many benevolences and deeds of charity, public, and still more so private, which marked his life—deeds in which her Grace the Duchess of Portland fully participated. These things will be remembered long after the triumphs of the white jacket, black sleeves, in the great races of the English turf are forgotten. It is not just a platitude to say that his Grace and his consort were, and are, truly beloved of the people. It is equally true to say that when the Duke died at the great age of eighty-five he had not an enemy in the whole world. Quite apart from the fine record of wins in the classic races, the late Duke of Portland's name will live long in turf history

(Concluded on page 180)



H.M.S. Excellent's Rugby Team Ties with Rosslyn Park

H.M.S. Excellent brought a very successful season to a close with their match against Rosslyn Park at Whale Island, when both sides scored 13 points. Playing for H.M.S. Excellent were: Standing: Lt. Graham, Lt. Irving, Lt. Aldous, Lt. Elliott, Lt. Aldridge, R.M., Lt. Anderson, Mid. Sadler, Mr. Booth, J. Kay, N.F.S. (Referee). Sitting: Lt. Boys, Lt. Lamb, Sub-Lt. Butcher, Cdr. Skyrme, Lt.-Cdr. Forrest, Lt. Herbert-Smith, Mr. Prior. In front: Lt. McLachlan, Sub-Lt. Ramsay

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

as the owner of two of the most remarkable racehorses and sires the world has ever known—St. Simon, unbeaten and unlucky not to have had the Derby and Leger included in his engagement list, and Carbine ("Old Jack" to the Australian, though he was New Zealand-bred), winner of the Melbourne Cup (2 miles), with 10 st. 5 lb. on his back upon one occasion, and a slightly lesser burden on another. The Duke of Portland only paid 1600 guineas for St. Simon at the sale of Prince Batthyany's horses (he got him and that great mare Mowerina for 3000 guineas—a record bargain), but he had to pay 13,000 guineas for Carbine.

A Great Record in the Classics

THE best advice to give anyone who is interested in the record of a very brilliant period in turf history is to get hold of a copy of *Memoirs of Racing and Hunting*, by the Duke of Portland (Faber and Faber; 1935). In addition to being a book which reflects the pleasant personality of the author, it is educational in more ways than one: a mirror of an epoch in which life was mercifully different from the unhappy phases which have followed. In his concluding paragraph the author wrote:

It has been very pleasant to remember happy days on the turf and in the hunting field (mostly Leicestershire "S"); to write of dear old friends, of horses and hounds which gave me so much pleasure and which provided such splendid sport.

That which was pleasant to write is equally pleasant to read. It is naturally quite impossible in the space at my disposal to indulge in a belated history of a career extending over so many years, but these short lists of the Duke of Portland's successes in the great three-year-old races may suffice as a framework for the rest.

The Derby—1888, Ayrshire, by Hampton; 1889, Donovan, by Galopin. *The Oaks*—1890, Memoir, by St. Simon; 1893, Mrs. Butterwick, by St. Simon; 1894, Amiable, by St. Simon; 1900, La Roche, by St. Simon. *Two Thousand*—1888, Ayrshire, by Hampton. *One Thousand*—1890, Semolina, by St. Simon; 1894, Amiable, by St. Simon. *St. Leger*—1889, Donovan, by Galopin; 1890, Memoir, by St. Simon. His Grace's Raeburn ran third in the Derby of 1893 to Isinglass and Ravensbury; his Simon Dale was second to Diamond Jubilee in 1900; his William the Third to Volodyovski in 1901; his Friar Tuck third to Ard Patrick and Rising Glass in 1902; his Primer second to Signorinetta in 1908.



Ascot Incident, 1943. By "The Tout"

The Man Who Arrives at Ascot in a Top Hat Causes Something of a Sensation



Mr. J. V. Rank, the well-known owner, with Lady Robinson, watched Sir Thomas Dixon's Ballynure win the J. V. Rank Hurdle Cup



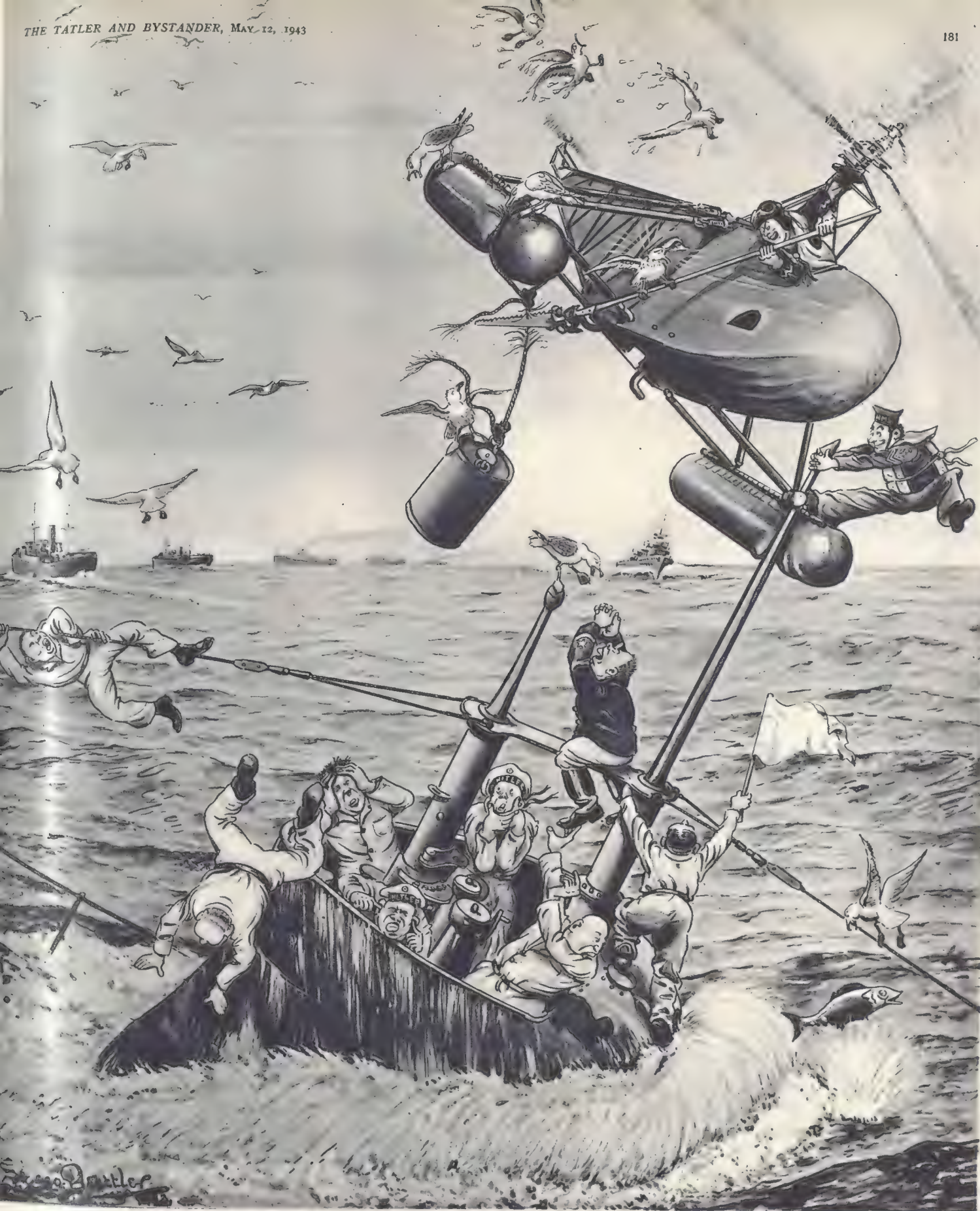
Mrs. James F. Farrell, Capt. Eric Harcourt Wood, Lt. Angus McCall and Mrs. Dermot McGillycuddy were amongst the very large gathering of racing enthusiasts there



Mr. Ernest Bellaney was talking to Lord Bicester between races at Phoenix Park. Bellaney is co-director of the National Stud

The First Meeting of the Season at Phoenix Park, Dublin

Poole, Dublin



A Vision of the Helicopter

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

Here is a prophetic picture which may soon come true, even if certain details contain more art than actuality. It shows a helicopter, designed and built in America, hovering over a U-boat with intent to administer the *coup de grâce*. The pilot is cutting adrift a naval depth-charge, as used by all surface craft (the R.A.F. variety looks more like a bomb), while his assistant, a 3rd class petty officer (A), holds the U-boat by its periscope to keep it steady for the perfect bull's-eye. These helicopters, it is hoped, will help to bridge the vital gap in mid-Atlantic outside the range of Coastal Command flying-boats and the Canadian Air Patrol. They can rise vertically and climb at any angle from the deck of a merchant ship, need no runway and take up but little space. Fitted with pontoons or floats, as shown above, the helicopter becomes amphibious. Under ideal weather conditions its crew could spot a U-boat at a depth of 80 feet

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Challenge

"**A TIME FOR GREATNESS**," by Herbert Agar (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 7s. 6d.), has made a sounding impact on America. Its appearance in this country was preceded by praise from the Archbishop of Canterbury. The book, in fact, addresses itself to both great English-speaking democracies. It is by now beginning to be apparent, even to the most idle and cloudy minds, that the times we live in, to-day's crisis, constitute a challenge to our powers to live. Mr. Agar examines the nature of this challenge. How are we to meet it—for we must meet it—and what is likely to be the cost?

Our civilisation has been attacked. Would this have happened if it had not seemed, to some eyes, ready to fall? The "eternal barbarian," who has run through history, has always had this characteristic: he has known when to strike. As far back through the past as the eye can see, empire after empire has fallen to him; what seemed eternal lights have been blotted out. But the tragedy of those extinguished proud liberties, those lost cultures, was that they were their own victims. They could not have fallen to an external force had they not been weakening within themselves. Unconscious, they had been breeding traitors inside their gates.

How far, asks Mr. Agar, have you and I been; how far, when the stress of this war is over, may we again relapse into being, traitors to the very civilisation we are at present sworn to defend? To be traitorous, it is enough to be slack and blind. Without knowing, in fact, by not knowing, simply by being passive, did we signal to the barbarian that this was his hour? Civilisation is our inheritance; with inheritance comes, also, responsibilities. One may enjoy only what one contributes to.

What is civilisation? It is a set of rules by which most men abide, of promises to which most men adhere. It is a set of institutions, of homely customs, which express the experience of centuries. It has its roots in cultural disciplines, religious and humanistic, which give life its meaning.

To Hitler—and to the Axis power he stands for—these rules, promises, customs and discipline mean nothing. But we cannot ignore that it was their relaxation in us that promised, or seemed to promise Hitler his day. Could a sound, democratic world have lain, or appeared to lie, at the mercy of an opportunist neurotic? "That bad man" was, above all, a sign of the times—bad times. Mr. Agar likens him to a boil. The boil is not just one unpleasant phenomenon; it shows the whole bloodstream to be impure.

What to Be, What to Do

MR. AGAR disposes of the defensive argument that we, the British and the Americans, were too high-minded to realise what might be going on. His point is, that we were

not high-minded enough. We went wrong not so much in failing to watch Hitler, as in failing to keep a closer watch on ourselves. While grumbling at him for being too big for his boots, we remained contented to be too small for our own. We left "heroics" to the barbarian—and how well he could manipulate them! But there is a *true* heroic, implicit in decent living, from which we could not afford—but did begin—to depart. We denied (Mr. Agar says) poetry. We fell prey to the myth that all was well with the world while material "progress" continued upon its way. We considered the patent medicine, the new home gadget, the latest model in cars to be hopeful cures for the sick or the vacant soul. When we found that we did not feel so good, we turned to the advertisements, instead of to the great minds of the ages, to see what might be the matter with us, and how to stop it. The grand conceptions upon which the United States of America and the British Empire were founded became incompatible with our minor view of life. On the whole, they embarrassed us—so we scoffed at them. We were willing to try anything—except greatness. We were willing to be anything—except great.

Now, war has brought the heroic values back, and reopens visions of greatness to both countries. Must we, therefore, extol war—as the Nazis and Fascists do? The idea is abhorrent. We may see, however, that war forced us to redeem our capacities before it was too late. On these redeemed capacities, this power, inside you and me, to be great, peace, when it comes, will make a still more exacting demand. The pacifism that filled up the



Angus McBean

Firth Shephard

Here, so to speak, is the face that launched a thousand plays! An exaggeration, no doubt, but "Firth Shephard presents . . ." is a familiar slogan on the hoardings. Three of his shows—"The Man Who Came to Dinner," "Arsenic and Old Lace," and "Junior Miss"—are obstinate successes, and yet another is due shortly. The name of Firth Shephard, in fact, is the hall-mark of good entertainment and we can't say fairer than that

inter-war years was, Mr. Agar says, ineffective, even contemptible, because it consisted rather of negative fear of war than of a positive trend to the good of peace. It was

evasive rather than creative. The fact was, we did not know what to do with peace when we had it. We cannot afford to make this mistake again. If we do not aim at Victory in a long-term sense, mere military victory will be futile. If we do not achieve true Victory we are lost. If we fail, again, to be great, we shall cease to be.

Hence Mr. Agar's title: *A Time for Greatness*. The book divides itself into two parts: "To See the Challenge and Meet It," and "What Must We Discard, what Conserve?" . . . I should like to make clear that *A Time for Greatness* has qualities that place it outside the sermon or pep-talk class. The effect is inspiring, the manner friendly, the style clear and sure. In criticism, Mr. Agar keeps a very fair balance between the shortcomings of the two countries. There are places where the British reader may sit back and think: "At least, this does not apply to me!" However, his turn is coming—though this courteous American lets us off lightly, by the end of it all. Still more, any allusions he makes to the U.S.S.R. and its aims show a wary and not totally easy tact. . . . In the second and more concrete half of the book you will find the discussions—

(Concluded on page 184)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

"TO say good-bye is to die a little."

How true that is!

And how sad! If there is, for example, one more lonely moment in all life's hidden loneliness than to bid Farewell to someone dearly loved as they leave you by train for an indefinite return, then there are not many which more relentlessly tear at the heart. As the train leaves the station and turns that usually inevitable corner at which the last hand-wave is to be seen, and as you suddenly realise that you are left behind to turn back alone and to force yourself to pick up the old threads of existence as cheerfully as if nothing untoward had happened, you feel within yourself as if you had walked into some corridor of death in which happy memories mock at you rather than lend you comfort. People stop you in the street, chatting of this and that. The world goes on around you, and yet for a long, long while you feel a sad-faced stranger wandering through its maze. Only you yourself realise the poignancy of knowing that a whole chapter in your life has suddenly come to an end, and that nothing—least of all that frantic, inner desire to tear open its closed pages—will ever continue the happy story from where it has so recently left off. Something within you has died a little. Something which will never live in quite the same way again. And only you will really know it!

Time may be a healer, but experience tells us that it refashions while it heals. One could not return to the joy of living were it not so. And therein lies the sting of these long separations as well as its

By Richard King

consolation. Reunion after a long Farewell will find our loved ones, ourselves, the circumstances of our lives together, changed, sometimes alienated, inevitably different. On the whole, it is happier to go away than to remain behind. Before the wanderer lie fresh experiences, adventures, new faces, new places, excitement pleasant and unpleasant. The one who remains behind has simply to pick up threads and create out of old material the pattern of a new life. An act of hidden heroism towards which all are indifferent; for very few people have sympathy towards a sorrow in which they cannot play the part of minor chorus.

Alas!, the world these days is full to overflowing of the unseen tears of those who are left behind. The climax usually reached amid the jostling crowd of railway stations and the roar of railway traffic. Trains carry away with them so much more than the human freight which is their justification. They carry away memories which will often hurt most of all when they are happiest to recollect. Ten years later these same memories will hearten, but while they are so recent as to appear almost actual in their blessedness, they are little less than torment. The war, and all it brings with it to devastate everyday life, rings down so many curtains, so suddenly, that it is as if the lights went out long before the end. When they go up again it will not be the same play, though all the old characters may be in it. That is why Good-bye in these days means so much more than "God be with you!" And the heart knows it.



F. B. Barker

Service — Robinson

Lt. Robert Gibson Service, R.N.V.R., son of the late R. G. Service and Mrs. Service, of Rosslea, Rhu, Dumbartonshire, married Beryl Robinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Robinson, of St. Leonard's Lodge, Portsmouth Road, Surbiton, at St. Andrew's Church, Surbiton



J. A. Whelan

Robinson — Campbell

Maurice Juby Robinson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robinson, of Treen, Earley, Reading, and the Hon. Bridgid Campbell, daughter of Lord and Lady Glenavy, of Rockbrook House, Co. Dublin, were married at Caxton Hall Register Office

**Furey — Pickworth**

Samuel Edward Furey, eldest son of the late Dr. Furey and Mrs. Furey, of Ecclesall Road, Sheffield, married Edith Margaret Pickworth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Pickworth, of 7, Endcliffe Hall Avenue, Sheffield, at Ranmoore Church, Sheffield

**Maclaine — Beadon**

Lt. Gillian Robert Maclaine, Army Air Corps, son of the late Major The Maclaine of Lockbuie, and Mrs. Maclaine, married Noreen Beadon, youngest daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Vernon Beadon, at Christ Church, Surbiton

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review
of Weddings and Engagements

**Montgomery — Donald**

Mr. John Francis Montgomery, of Wickhambreaux Court, Kent, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. Montgomery, of West Thurrock, married Betty Donald, only daughter of ex-Provost and Mrs. W. M. Donald, of Harling Drive, Troon, at Portland Church, Troon

**McClure — Bevan**

S/Ldr. C. G. B. McClure, R.A.F.V.R., son of His Honour Judge and Mrs. McClure, of The Garth, West Clandon, Surrey, married Helen M. G. Bevan, widow of F/Lt. A. W. Bevan, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. B. Whyte, of Fleet, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy

**Cooke — Dean**

Lt. E. N. Cooke, R.A., only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Cooke, of Croft House, Holywood, Belfast, and Margaret Anne Shelton Dean, only daughter of Lt.-Col. H. S. Dean, M.C., The Royal Ulster Rifles, were married at Woodmansterne Parish Church



Navana

Miss S. K. Eastwood

Susan Kathleen Eastwood, daughter of the late Capt. Robert Eastwood and Mrs. Eastwood, of The Old Hall, Eastwood, Lanes., is engaged to Lt. George Nicol Gilmore, son of the late Rev. Arthur N. and Mrs. Gilmore, of Penmoyle, Talbot Hill, Bournemouth

**Maclagan — Mair**

William C. Maclagan, Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, youngest son of the Rev. P. J. and Mrs. Maclagan, married Catharine Hannah Mair, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William Mair, of Courtenay House, Mulberry Close, Hendon, at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Froggall, N.W.

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 170)

Here and There

AMONG those enjoying dining and dancing in London lately were the young Marquis and Marchioness of Huntly, always cheerful; Lord Portarlington, the Hon. Oswald and Lady Mary Berry, Lady Bridget Poulett, Lady Petre—the former Miss Peggy Hamilton, and now the proud mother of an heir to her husband's lovely home, Ingatestone Hall, in Essex. Out in the spring sunshine the Duke of Marlborough, in uniform, crossed Piccadilly, enjoying an after-lunch cigar; Mrs. Denys Lowson shopped in a smart grey dress; and Lady Forester, wearing the uniform of St. John, lunched with two of her young daughters.

Coward First Nights

TWO new plays by Noel Coward, presented at the Haymarket Theatre on successive nights, gave first-nighters and those celebrity hunters who still find time to crowd around the doors and watch the famous arrive, a certain double. The demand for seats had been so overwhelming that even that inveterate first-nighter, Cdr. Lord Gifford, was forced to be content with the dress circle. Admiral Sir Philip Vian, of Cossack fame, was there; so was Air Vice-Marshal Sir Douglas Colyer; H.E. Mrs. Mason Macfarlane, wife of Gibraltar's Governor; Lady Duke-Elder, wife of the King's Surgeon-Oculist and herself a member of the medical profession. The literary and artistic world was represented by Clemence Dane, playwright, novelist, painter, critic and lecturer, by G. B. Stern, Joyce Grenfell and Mrs. Gladys Calthrop, very smart in khaki, and, as usual, responsible for the Coward decor. From the theatre world came Major David Niven, F/Lt. Terence Rattigan, Laurence Olivier and his wife, Vivien Leigh, producer Firth Shephard and Miss Coral Browne, Penelope Dudley-Ward, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Beatrice Lillie, Dorothy Dickson, John Mills and playwright wife, Mary Hayley-Bell, and so on.

The Royal Academy

GREY skies and pouring rain could not damp the enthusiasm of the holders of invitations to the private view at Burlington House. Portraits are plentiful. Mr. Augustus John has contributed one of Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles Portal—his only contribution this year, though he himself appears a huge, human figure in a charcoal drawing at *The Antelope*, by Felix Topolski. Mr. David Jagger's two portraits—one of Lady Bedingfeld, the other of the Countess of Inchcape—excited much attention. Both sitters have chosen velvet, and the rich Madonna blue of one dress, the claret rubiness of the other, set off to perfection the living clarity of the skin and the tawny tresses of one sitter and dark beauty of the other. Both Lady Bedingfeld and Lady Inchcape were there, and congratulations were showered on Mrs. Jagger, the painter's wife. Heroes and heroines of World War II. were represented by Major Eric Wilson, V.C., painted for the Nation's War Records by Henry Lamb, G/Capt. J. A. Powell, D.S.O., Major-Gen. Sir William Dobbie, Marshal of the R.A.F. Viscount Trenchard, the late Lt.-Cdr. M. D. Wanklyn, V.C., D.S.O., R.N. (painted by Harry Morley for the Officers' Mess, H.M.S. Dolphin, Gosport), Field-Marshal Smuts, W/Cdr. Michael Robinson, D.S.O., D.F.C., Cpl. Lilian Levy, Cdr. Robert Ryder, V.C. (a head in bronze), and Capt. W. Dudley Mason, G.C. (also a head in bronze).



Lady Ritchie: a Woman with an Important Job

As a member of the Y.M.C.A. Women's Auxiliary and supervisor of the large staff of voluntary workers at a London Y.M.C.A. Services Club, Lady Ritchie has a full-time job. The club is one of the most cosmopolitan of all Y.M.C.A. canteens and hostels, and is very popular with Allied and Dominion troops, as well as with our own. Lady Ritchie is the wife of Sir Douglas Ritchie, General Manager to the Port of London Authority

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 182)

of class consciousness, business mentality and advertisement-hypnotism interesting, and an invitation to thought.

Short Stories of the 'Forties

IN England, the two inter-war decades—the nineteen-twenties and 'thirties—each had a literary character of its own. The 'twenties, anti-romantic, ran to prose rather than verse: many writers showed a fine virtuosity. The 'thirties put out a batch of outstanding poets, but the atmosphere grew increasingly tense, overcast, austere.

The 'forties began in wartime, and are still in their youth. It would have been natural to ask oneself whether, all things considered, any at all distinctive literary blooming was, so far, to be expected of them. Some pessimists went so far as to say that war must silence the arts—or, at any rate, push them into a background from which they must take some time to emerge. Happily, these pessimists have been given the lie. The existing literary periodicals continued upon their courses bravely. And, more, another—that distinguished and individual monthly, *Horizon*, came to birth in the first year of the war, and, noticeably, has not looked back since. Mr. Cyril Connolly, already a brilliant writer, has hereby shown his worth as an editor—for any time, but notably for these times. He has been sensitive to, and has from the first encouraged, fresh currents in writing, and fresh ideas. Stimulus from *Horizon* has cancelled out, for his writers, the otherwise unpropitious effects of war. And he has done us—the public—a service in making known new names, new talents—a striking array. The stories and articles in *Horizon's* pages are contemporary, in a vital, important sense. They represent some of the best work of our immediate day.

Of the eighteen *Horizon* Stories, chosen by Cyril Connolly (Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.), eight are the first stories of their respective authors to have been published in England. Of the others, all but four carry signatures still fairly new to you, but equally well worth watching. This team of eighteen has been selected from all the numbers of *Horizon*, since the magazine's start. No one story at all resembles another—yet they share a perceptible, pleasing generic character. You may see, in the main, a tendency towards the satiric, the comic, the picaresque. Though most of the writers are young, the technique-level is high; there is, in the general feeling of the collection, something debonaire, and, in the good sense, grown-up. This work of the early nineteen-forties already gives one the sense of a clearing sky. The tension, the introspection, the milling anxieties of the pre-war 'thirties are gone. Also, the writers have freed themselves from some of those rather deadening conventions that had seemed to be settling down on the "highbrow" story: here we have no more plotlessness, no more portentous mystifications. The situations are clear-cut, the action lively, the characters racy, the dialogue brisk.

It seems invidious to "star" particular stories, when the general level is so high. Myself, I enjoyed particularly John Bryan's "The Suitcase Hunt," J. MacLaren-Ross's "A Bit of a Smash in Madras," Eudora Welty's "The Petrified Man," Diana Gardner's "Crossing the Atlantic," Antonia White's "The Moment of Truth," V. S. Pritchett's "The Saint," and Rollo Woolley's "The Pupil"—a young man lost in the sky. . . . It is interesting that none of these stories are about war. It is not, one feels, that the writers avoid the subject, but that their imaginations have already passed beyond it.

Spa Life

"THE SPRINGS OF VIRGINIA," by Perceval Reniers (University of North Carolina Press, distributed in England by the Oxford University Press; 25s.), is an enchanting book about past good times. When I first picked it up (attracted by its outside) I was ignorant enough to imagine that "the Springs" must be a leading Virginia family. But far from it—they were, they are, actual *springs*, in the Allegheny Mountains, whose medicinal qualities and sublime surroundings made them the rendezvous of the elegant south. The Warm Springs, the Hot Springs, the Sweet and the Salt, the White, the Blue, the Red and the Yellow Sulphur—each had, in its own smiling and wooded valley, a surround of pillared hotels, spa buildings, and rows of romantic, if exiguous, "cottages." In their summer seasons, which reached their height with the height of the nineteenth century, romance ran neck-to-neck with the search for health. Warm Springs were the gateway to this region; White Sulphur attained the most dazzling social peak.

On the Springs began to converge, every July on from the end of the eighteen-twenties, coachloads of southern landed aristocrats, with their lovely daughters and entourage of negro slaves. They came from Virginia itself, from the Carolinas and the Deep South, from New Orleans. It was considered ideal, if you could plan your summer, to make, by the end, a tour of all the springs. This "frank, elegant and high-toned society" established a prior claim on accommodation: Yankee invaders were seen a little askance, and the few English travellers grumbled at the discomfort.

You will, I hope, enjoy—as I enjoyed—Mr. Renier's accounts of the different spa personalities, of the "Billing, Wooing and Cooing Society," with its pink notices, and of General Lee's courtesies after the Civil War. The illustrations are drawn from delicious water-colours, and are added to by a selection of prints.

Dormitory Town

"SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR," by Raymond Postgate (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.), is an excellent if somewhat grim detective novel, with a dormitory town on the L.M.S. line for scene. Character-interest ranks higher than mystery—with Mrs. Grayling as an English Bovary.

DEPENDABILITY



The British Museum Library, with its collection of nearly 5,000,000 volumes, manuscripts, and other items, is one of the largest libraries in the world. Opened in 1857, it is distinguished by its circular domed reading room—140 ft. in diameter and 106 ft. high. A famous rendezvous of study for authors, journalists, playwrights, historians and scholars. Well might we say of the British Museum Library, as millions throughout the world say of Champion Plugs, "*There's Dependability for you.*"

KEEP PLUGS CLEAN
AND SAVE PETROL

National needs must be our first consideration, so please be indulgent if you find difficulty over supplies.

CHAMPION

PLUGS



There is no doubt that directly the warm weather arrives women become interested in the little frock that may easily be cleaned. Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, are responsible for the one portrayed above, which is made of a soft material and is available in a variety of pastel shades. The corsage is cut on what is now called helpful lines; the sleeves are practical, and so is the belt. It would make a perfect bride's frock for a simple wedding; it is unnecessary to emphasise the fact that this firm also excels in classic bridal dresses. A feature is made in these salons of clothes for war workers. They are, of course, Utility, which signifies that only a limited number of coupons are needed for them. It is believed that swim suits will be in great demand as the season advances. Naturally, they will be worn for games as well as in the swimming-pools.



Never has the jumper suit been more in the limelight. In their salons in Oxford Street, Marshall and Snelgrove have assembled a representative collection. It is there that the model above may be seen. Carried out in a fancy crepe, the skirt portion is arranged so that the movements of the wearer are never impeded, while the jumper part is trimmed with a white printed fabric reinforced with white buttons. Also to be seen here are gaily printed frocks in a variety of materials which can be worn throughout the day. A few words must be said about the shaded woolly frocks, the skirts being reminiscent of the time-honoured affair known as the "housemaids." No one must leave these salons without visiting the tiny tots department. Here are pretty little mackintoshes, to say nothing of the garden frocks and knickers, which wash and wear well.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION BY M. E. BROOKE



Rima is a name to conjure with in the world of dress, and these models are sold by outfitters of prestige. Too much cannot be said in favour of the one portrayed on this page—of it two views are given. The one on the left shows it robbed of its coat. The skirt is of a very small multi-coloured check tweed, pleats being introduced at the sides. The corsage is dark blue, tweed being used for the narrow panel, and the sleeves are short. The source of inspiration for the jacket is the one that is commonly called the "Monkey." It will be noticed that the suit looks as well with as without the coatee. There are also decidedly attractive tailor-mades with semi-fitting coats outlined with white, the skirts being rather full

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for
DAINTY SUMMER

Lingerie

Write for
Catalogue, price 1d.



IN WASHING VOILE
This dainty summer nightdress is an attractive style and available in gay colours with white checks and piping; red, green or blue.

(6 coupons) 40'4

Well cut cami-knicker to match 25'2 (3 coupons)

Debenham & Freebody
WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.1 (Debenham's Ltd.)



'M A Y F A I R 0 0 5 4 . . .

CYCLAX SALON . . . Appointments, please.' Time is so short — and the rush of War-work — Shopping — Cooking — Committee Meetings — makes ever-increasing demands upon it . . . To preserve and enhance the loveliness which is our natural heritage is equally our duty, and the importance of a CYCLAX BEAUTY TREATMENT cannot be over-estimated

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Daly's, Glasgow

Cyclax
OF LONDON

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

AN Ulster clergyman was as much interested in his herd as in his flock. He simply could not resist the sight of a good-looking animal.

This was a sore trial to his conscience at times, but he was a man of resource. On his way to take a service one Sunday he overtook a farmer driving a fine-looking heifer. The beast held his eye as a magnet draws a needle. He examined it with interest.

"That's a good-looking beast," he commented.

"It is," agreed the owner.

"If it wasn't Sunday what would you be asking for her?" he queried, as if his interest were merely academic.

"If it wasn't Sunday I'd be wanting ten pounds," came the reply.

"If it wasn't Sunday would you take any less?" went on the minister.

"If it wasn't Sunday I might," replied the other.

"If it wasn't Sunday would you take nine?"

"If it wasn't Sunday, I would not."

"Well, if it wasn't Sunday would you split the difference?" said the minister again.

So the bargaining went on—always with the proviso for conscience' sake.

Next morning the beast was delivered in the manse yard.

HE was the sort of fellow who must boast.

"One of my ancestors," he was saying, "won a battle against the Normans by skilful use of his artillery."

"Don't be silly!" retorted his bored companion. "Gunpowder wasn't known then."

"I'm well aware of that, and so was my ancestor. He aimed the artillery at the Normans, and the idiots, seeing the guns, thought gunpowder had been invented. So they hopped it!"

SHE was fat and over forty, but she was still kittenish. The young man she had cornered at the party was thinking hard for some excuse to escape.

At last he murmured: "Do you remember the youngster who used to tickle you under the chin at school?"

"Oh," she exclaimed, gushingly, "so that's who you are!"

"Oh, no," said he, blandly. "That was my father."

A DRUNK who had boarded a double-deck bus and stumbled up to the top deck, came rolling down the stairs a minute later with the observation:—

"I'm not going to ride up there. There's nobody driving."

THEY had had a little argument. The wife suspected the maid of eavesdropping, and when she went into the hall she discovered the girl in retreat.

She accused her of listening, but the girl violently protested her innocence.

"Don't deny it, Mary," stormed her employer. "Your hair is still standing on end!"



Vivienne

Acting in Two Plays

Jennifer Gray recently returned to London after touring the provinces in Noel Coward's plays, to appear in both of his latest productions, "This Happy Breed" and "Present Laughter" at the Haymarket Theatre. She is the daughter of Dr. A. H. Skinner, an Admiralty surgeon, stationed at Hankow, who was captured and interned by the Japanese, and later repatriated to Durban.

THE vicar was talking seriously to one of young men in his parish. "John," he said gravely, "I hear that you have been raising false hopes in several maiden hearts. I don't know such behaviour at all, know. Rumour whispers you are engaged to one in this village, another Little Mitchin, and a third Brenchley. How can you do such a thing?"

John looked somewhat sheepish, and then, with an uneasy grin, he replied: "Well, sir, I've got a bicycle."

"Does your uniform fit?" asked the sergeant.

"Perfectly," said the recruit.

"And your cap?"

"Perfectly."

"And your boots?"

"Perfectly."

"Lummie, man, you must be deformed."

A GANGSTER rushed into a Chicago saloon, shook his right and left, yelling: "You dirty skunks get out of here!"

The customers fled in a panic, and the gangster, calmly finishing his drink, said to the Englishman, who stood at the bar: "You're a rightish fellow, aren't you?"

"Well?" snapped the gangster, waving his smoking gun.

"Well," remarked the Englishman, "there were a lot of them, weren't there?"

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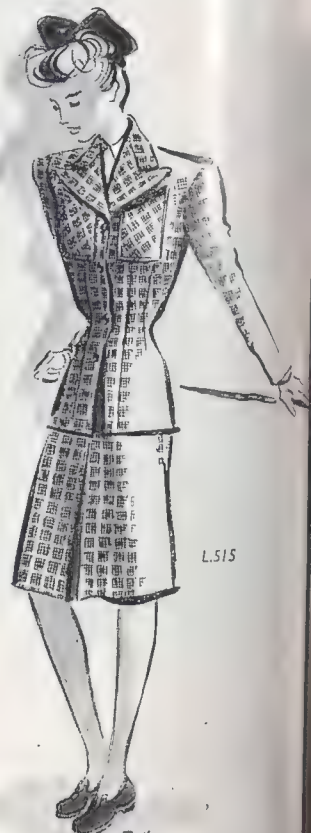
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S/O page 2440

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Size and Power

NO check is yet to be noticed in the increasing size of fighter aircraft. We move from the Camel to the colossus; from the Pup to the prodigious; from the Sopwith Triplane to the Hawker Typhoon. The bigger family of fighters is always producing a little bigger.

My idea of a fighter always has something in it of the small. The nicest flying machines I have ever handled were those little-known series with the small A.B.C. air-cooled radial engines including the Sopwith Snail, the Westland Wagtail and the Bat Bantam. They were as quick on the controls as kittens and one sat in the air with the smallest conceivable amount of aeroplane about one.

Bigness arises from the demand for more power and more guns. Some increase is inevitable on account of the growth in guns. One cannot carry four 20 mm. cannon in a thing the size of a mouse-trap. But for the rest I have never been able to understand why aeroplanes are undergoing so rapid a process of inflation.

No doubt Mr. Sydney Camm could explain it; but I have never seen it explained. We admit that to get more power, an engine must be made larger. The Napier Sabre in the Typhoon would not be delivering its 2,400 horse power if it were not a lot bigger than the power unit of a Morris Eight. And it is an amazingly compact engine for its power—the most compact I believe that has ever been made.

But what I want to know is, why better performance is obtainable from a bigger engine giving more power than from the same size engine giving more power. The total step up in power is obviously greater with the bigger engine; but the relative step up can be about the same. If the armament and crew remain the same, why then, is it necessary to go up in aeroplane size?

Slim for Speed

THERE is no doubt that the thing that impressed the public most when they saw the first release of

pictures of the Typhoon at the end of April was its great size for a single seat machine. Its wing span is actually little more than that of the Hurricane, but overall the size has gone up a lot. My own impressions when I have been on Royal Air Force aerodromes and have examined the Typhoon at close quarters is the same—its great size for a single-seat fighter carrying the same armament as one of the Hurricanes.

Now Mitchell's argument for maximum speed was always based on the smallest fuselage cross section that would take a man. He believed that the super-speed engine should be built down in size to that cross section and that the aeroplane itself should take its size cue (as indeed the Spitfire does) from that starting point.

What has happened to alter that theory? Why, for instance, should a bigger aeroplane in which all the relative power and drag values are the same, go faster than a smaller one? I don't get it. As I say, no doubt the designers could offer an explanation; but often when I raise the point with them they go off at a tangent, obviously not appreciating the relativity of the problem. They start with the statement that to get more power the engine size must be increased. But that is not the real starting point.

Stability

ONE reason for size increases in fighters does appear valid and that is a gunnery reason. When they are bigger they incline to be steadier as gun platforms. The Typhoon—according to pilots who have been using it and who have talked to me about it—is an exceptionally good gun platform.

A possible cause for this excellence may be that the keel area at the tail is more nearly symmetrical about the centre line of the machine than in many other types. The Typhoon does not have that very high rudder and fin which are typical of



Air Vice-Marshal Dickson

Air Vice-Marshal William Forster Dickson, C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E., A.F.C., was Director of Plans at the Air Ministry from 1941 to 1942. He served during the last year in the Royal Naval Air Service, transferring to the R.A.F. in 1918

the Spitfire and other fighters. Obviously if the rudder is very high, application of it produces not only yaw, but roll. When a pilot is taking sight his rudder movements may then produce undesirable effects. With the Typhoon rudder movements would do so. I only present this as a possible answer to the question of why the Typhoon is such a good gun platform. Another reason is its size.

Epilobium Angustifolium

ONCE again I see the matter I mentioned in the notes at the time of the bombing of the flora of bombed sites in London and other cities, been attracting the attention of the scientific workers.

A discourse at the Royal Institution by Professor E. Salisbury was devoted to the subject and he said that of

the plants of our bombed areas the most frequent is the rosebay willowherb (*Epilobium angustifolium*).

Professor Salisbury then went into fascinating details of the way plants use parachutes of silky hairs and the convection currents which the sailplane pilots used to look for, in order to distribute the seed.

If only the bombed sites could be used as a platform on which to grow a few flowers or to plant a few trees there would be the fullest and best kind of compensation for the damage done.

I feel that as aviation was the cause of the destruction of the trees, aviation ought to take a lead in suggesting means of mitigating it. England, we are told, is going to be owing to the ruthless cutting down of trees. Surely we might do something to impress upon the people the desirability of trees for their own sake by planting them in the bombed sites.

I would rather see a few flowers and trees growing on the bombed sites than new buildings—however fine their design. The weeds which have been finding their way to the bombed sites should surely suggest the right way of dealing with them.

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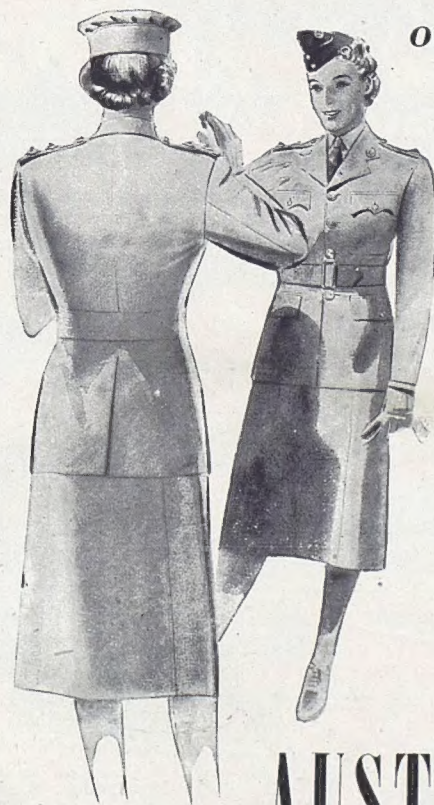
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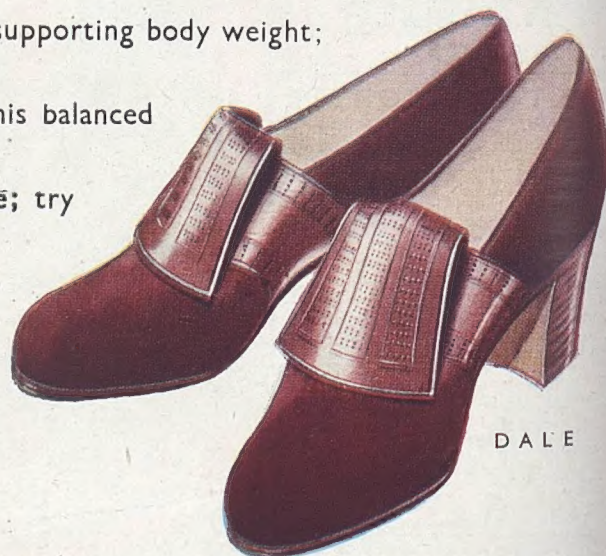
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